

Central Portion New Department of Agriculture

## Literary Portraits & I-George Meredith partment, than which but one other is of ten buildings, but in the immediate furnous rounger, than which none other is more ture only three of these will rise from the

BY HALDANE MACFALL

proud a being, glad of this splendid way- | of intelligence, who will let him enter into | ambition for his race, loving the very bungfaring amid the adventures that make up the journey of life. And what a mighty laugh it is! Right from the deep chestmetting one chuckling at the very merriment of it. The finely-chiseled nose, with the sharp pugnacious tilt at end, betrays eagerness for the duel of wit, eagerness to know all, eagerness to be at the very front of life. The leaping energy that lurks behind the dreamy eyelids finds interest in everything. Meredith sees life too exquis-Itely to be afraid of being accused of regarding small things. His pointed gray beard gives the suggestion to the strong. clean-shaped head of an admiral of our day. He is of the type of the man of ac-To hear Meredith talk of the coming youngsters of the day, asking his keen

the company of an eager youth.

His feet no longer pace the long walk up
the grassy slope of the majestic hill that
sweeps from his doors upward into the
clouds, but the keep brain is equisitive of the world as in the walking along its ways. There is in the when his youth took him blithely caring of the man a distinction, a splendor ners, a perfection of the carriage of body, as of a great saying and doing or bad. No one, she said, had any power the simple thing with an air that realizes word aristocrat in human shape more vividly than in any living man. He gives more profound sense of greatness than ners. Lady Plymouth had never been in an

ace all alert to know, is to be in the fever-

anyone I ever met suggestion of a delicacy almost fem-in the pictures of him, is almost obiiterated in the presence of the real man, every accent is virile in its refineshare of the woman's insight. His women are in the front rank of artistic creation. The art of George Meredith is given to the optimistic conception of life. Life is thing-a thing to be lived handsomeand evaded and sneaked through. It is and lived more plainly. Lord Plymouth God's good gift, to be breathed into the ody, to be tested, to be essayed. It is a won froms romance; and, says Meredith, The young who avoid the region of Romance escape the title of Fool at the cost of a celestial crown."

He understands human nature, weighs it in the balance wittily and with a profound nor. He laughs at its weaknesses. twits its follies, always with affection, always making allowances for it. He takes | with a routine of unimportant but carefullyno side bitterly-he remembers always that

every human soul is his cousin. The artistic use of his splendid prose as though some great master made great stagnant monotony of their days was as music. When the stage is held by the thunder of the warring elements, Meredith's rose swells and resounds to the din. When would make Dame Gossip yield into our attentive ears some quaint secret, the prose drops to a suggestive whisper, with wink of eye and with critical under lip protruded. Some one has spoken disparagingly of Meredith's "bedizened phrase." It is rather outside their own set, but they were not neat stab. Indeed, the critic generally represents Meredith as the "man difficult to understand." He is held up as the jugder of words-the puzzle to be given up with a shrug of the shoulders.

As a matter of fact, the whole of life. incident, every act, every object is a real thing, a significant thing, freshly seen Meredith records the picture of it, the smotion it causes within his senses, in the whimsical fashion in which his eyes see it. brother's ways dull and old fashioned. There is a certain ruggedness in his phras- Intercourse between them had therefore born of his virile love of life. There is often enough an obscurity of statement rescion. His original eyesight bewilders the dullard who can see no romance in any-thing not dead a hundred years. He sets her daughter on a visit. down the subtleties of womanhood with ubtlety, as he needs must if the subtlety to be retained. His fancy runs riot in pithy wit and brilliant dialogue; for he ing with her-you know what girls are sees life very large and very profoundly. BRED FROM GREATNESS.

His defect is bred from his very greatness, from his brilliant parts. His love of elaborate subtleties of phrasing, and the avoidance of the simple statement from its lack of color, lead him into perplexities. His most serious defect is a tendency only to suggest the broader aspects of things, so that he seems to polish life into a dandified existence that flinches from passion and the tender emotions that are very life. But the report of his defects is exagnary critic. The big pulsing life is there under the subtle suggestion that goes round t, and wittily and gracefully plays with it. e lashes at vice, but he kills it as a cat ills a snake, exulting his certainty.

There is no man in English letters who has been so misunderstood as George Meredith-there is no man more thoroughly misanderstood to-day. I know of one brilliant deerary woman of Irish birth—and the literary Irish are not given to diffidence-who in Meredith's presence was in a state of stammering dread, fearing the irony and satire of his tongue. Meredith, a man with the heart of a boy, the comradeship of a subaltern, the breezy, large sympathy of a sailor, the keen, universal inquisitiveness of a mat, the wide interest of a man of afchoker tied round his thick red neck; Lady fairs-a man to whom nothing is too small dressed with youthful jauntiness in a pink but pettiness, nothing too insignificant but baseness-a man to whom the subtle brain silk tea gown; Lord Marlow, the eldest son and the quick instinct of womanhood have of the house, with all an eldest son's waribeen laid open as to no writer who has written in our tongue. A man with a heart a largeness of mind that made him at once as large as a cathedral. This is no who is an object of admiration and astonishment labeled for the man in the street as the to his parents; Aggie, a schoolgirl, already excruciating distorter of words-the man in | yearning for pleasure, and Sir John Harkthe street who has never tried to understand him, but has been content to take for

granted the hee-hawing estimate of little For him who reads a novel simply as a easant idleness, and is content to float | good stories the door opened, and the butler is wholly impossible. He is too big-too full of the mighty comedy of the earth-too sisted by every artifice of dress and knowl-You might as well try to judge of a untain's significance by running up and own a sandhili. It is as though a roysterer ke into a cellar of subtle wines and plained bitterly of the lack of wholeome taste, kicking the bottles about pecause they do not hold throat-ciutching gin. was so beautiful, and yet somehow was And what a wealth of good things is his! than many a man into a book. In his chapter that tells of the elopement of the Countdid scandal somewhere about the third apter in "The Amazing Marriage") there a story that would make the whole of an ordinary novel, told with a beauty of ag that is a very casket of gems, ut- cousin's face, and wide-eyed Aggie openly rded in English that is like the utterance of violins and deep-sounding 'cellos set to "The train must have been very punctu-music under the genius of a Handel. It is al." said Lady Plymouth, who held an chapter that for sheer vivid art is a very

master of English prose, Thomas Carlyle that a too subtle statement, even of subtle ideas, should bar the splendid wisdom and the prodigal wealth of this great soul from

glad to walk the fresh, sweet fantastic fellow, rapier in hand, barring the of George Meredith to feed upon.

heart of any clean-souled human being.

marble floors, the painted hall,

the state department to gape, the antiqua-

and state reigned still the old family repre-

sented by a couple of simple folk imbued

with the primitive ideals, prejudices, and

customs their ancestors had transmitted.

Lady Plymouth was a lady of the old

school. She thought emotion vulgar, and

much falking waste of time. To be a lady

was to accept fate as it came, whether good

and cultivated self-respect and good man-

driven all her life in a carriage and pair;

men. Yet, when the family fortunes dimin-

ished, as taxes grew and farms brought in

less rent, Lord and Lady Plymouth, with

the stoicism of good sense which was part

of their simple creed, lessened their ex-

penses, discharged some of their gardeners,

He sat on County Councils and Boards of

Guardians; he took an active part in the af-

fairs of the county; he deplored the educa-

tion bill, and he kept his own village church

to the strictest of Protestant practices. The

Plymouths' life was dull, if busy, filled

performed duties; they asked for no excite-

ment, they desired no sensations, and the

idleness of the millionaire. They were ladies

worldlywise, and so remained contented

Into this quiet, respectable atmosphere

came suddenly their niece. Vere Chester,

Lord Plymouth's sister's child. Mrs. Ches-

ter had lived in London for many years,

had moved with the times, become modern,

arrived begging the Plymouths to receive

ment," so the letter ran. "I can do noth-

nowadays; but I'm sure the change of

scene, the quiet of the country, which I

may add Vere detests, and your admirable

domestic ways will soon make her forget

"Catherine never spoke of our domestic

ways as admirable before," said Lord Ply-

mouth ruefully, folding up the letter. "But

Catherine always did what she chose. She

"I wonder what kind of a girl she will

"Red hair! Always a spice of naughti-

"Nothing, nothing; of course she must

It was characteristic of these two ex-

cellent people that they accepted the charge of Vere Chester as a duty, and nev-

And so one August evening, in one of the

smallest drawing rooms, and, therefore, the

most frequently used, sat Lord and Lady

Plymouth awaiting their niece's advent.

Lady Plymouth, wearing her regulation

evening gown, with the tulle scarf round her shoulders; Lord Plymouth, the white

Horncastle, a contemporary of her hostess,

ness of marriageable girls, coupled with

ington, the M. F. H., whose horizon was

bounded by memories of good runs and

packed with details of foxes, hounds and

on the company after one of Sir John's

beauty stood on the threshold-a vision as-

edge of the effect of color. Chiffon and

diamonds nestled at her throat, flowers

were in her wide-brimmed hat, while a

general impression of mauve, spring and

youth hung about her person. Lady Plym-

outh's calm was almost shaken. The girl

so startling, and startling things held no

place in Lady Plymouth's scheme of do-

mesticity. But she moved forward with

stately placidity and kissed her niece on

"Welcome to Plymouth Castle," she said,

Lord Marlow critically considered his

unquestioning faith in the merits of the

"But so slow!" Vere lifted her hands

That is so quick, comfy, up-to-

"After the Pullman to Brighton it seemed

ocal railway line

announced "Miss Chester."

barbed wire. Just as a silence had fallen

ness about it," interposed Lord Plymouth.

come. What room will you give her?"

'What did you say, my dear?'

be," mused Lady Plymouth. "I have not

seen her since she was quite a child, with

has no idea of duty."

er thought of shirking it.

with their own insignificance.

EORGE MEREDITH faces life a the eyes of the ordinary man. The appeal life, for the meaning of life—these stretch mighty laugher, glad to be alive, of all great art must be to a wide public. out eager hands to know what to hold, Meredith's subtlety of phrase stands, a what to let go. Give to such the large soul earth, glad to breathe the south- | way, at first sight, for all but the wits; yet | Tender as a woman, strong as a soldier,

the man who will beard the whimsical sen- lofty as God's aristocracy, keen-eyed as a will let him pass on giving the countersign | and fights for his life, clear in hope and a garden that will make glad the healthy lers whom he whips, the soul of this man is a lamp to youth. The deeps of philosophy the splendid imperial age of healthy inquis- | habits of chivalrous men of war to the itiveness, the age of the strong heart and | battle of the ladies' maids, you may see the forward-looking eyes, the age that seeks his deep insight into the human drama. passionately, eagerly, at the threshold of (Copyright, 1904.)

what words she pleased, generally the most

racy and unceremonious; then, turning to

Marlow, "I'm awfully hungry," she said.

of ginger-beer dining, I did.

have some supper directly.

away the best complexion.

lieves in massage.

Lady Plymouth.

are remarkable.

wholly agreeable, surprise when a letter or in my bedroom? I see there are books,

do that!"

like a thing in a theater.'

as a dart; she'll ride well.

Aunt Mildred; you go to bed.'

do you generally breakfast?"

'Try and be punctual to-morrow.'

"Yes, yes," impatiently said Vere.

ridor. I'll send Lockebie to you

"You will never find your room by your-

down the great staircase and by the cor-

"Who is Lockebie?" asked Vere wearily.

"So I should think; twenty-five years-

longer than I have lived. Thank you, aunt,

Lady Plymouth took her niece's hands,

having previously deposited the silver

candlestick on a console beside the one

with a mixture of curiosity and tender-

Vere half laughed. The old lady was a

"My dear child," said her aunt, "what

does this mean? Why are you rebelling

against your mother? Accept your fate

if it is your fate; no good will come of

"A woman has to submit in the end, Vere

-it is her vocation. Well, well! we will

speak of all these things to-morrow." Lady

Plymouth took up her candlestick and

glided softly from the room, shutting the

door carefully and quietly behind her. That

was one of her traditions. A lady would

Vere stood motionless. She still felt her

aunt's gentle kiss on her cheek; she still

saw her kind, troubled eyes; and heard

her soft voice cooing in her ear, "Do not

gave a quick turn on her heel, and mut-

tered, "Barleywater at night, prayers in the

She walked to the window, undid the

heavy hasp, and threw it open. The warm

scent of late roses and jessamine; every-

thing was very peaceful. The moon rose

high in the heavens, its rays falling upon

the stiffly-laid-out garden. The terrace

balustrade, the bushy shrubs threw dark

shadows on the grass, and under the win-

dow a man's vague form was visible. Vere

leant out, took a folded note from her

dress, and dropped it delicately on the

gravel. The man turned, stooped, and

picked it up. Vere hastily closed the win-

about her for a book. Presently the door

but calm, "I am enjoying a forbidden pleas-

"I really enjoy it. If it is a bad habit

opened softly and Lord Marlow entered.

"I suppose it is forbidden, but is it

I can't give it up," said Vere, defiantly.

Then she lit a cigarette and looked

said Vere, a little surprised

morning! I shall never be able to stand it!

Then she shrugged her shoulders,

neither bang nor leave the door open.

kicking against the pricks.

"I shall make my own fate."

I eat mine when I like.

a long time here."

and good-night.

'Didn't you dine?" inquired her aunt.

Well, if you call a bath bun and a bottle

We dined an hour ago, but you shall

"Why, it's only half-past nine. Mother

never dines by daylight; she says it gives

"And your mother had a lovely natural

complexion of her own," interposed Lady

"Yes: mother never uses powder-she be

"Oh!" said Lady Horncastle, somewhat

taken aback, for she was addicted to toilet

practices herself; "you remind me of your

"I don't think so," said Vere carelessly.

"Our styles are not considered the same;

likeness, you know." And Lady Horn-

castle retired, satisfied she had made a good

Aggie rushed into the breach. "Vere,

she said, "we're cousins-you must like

"So I will, little one," and the beauty

looked kindly at her. "We'll be pals."
"Vere has said it, mother-has said pals,

shall say it now." Aggie danced excitedly

"I say a great many things you mustn't,

been out three seasons as I have. Oh, I'm

frightfully old-at least I feel so. Cousin

As he extricated her supple figure from

the satin-lined confection their eyes met,

and Vere knew she had gained a friend.

When presently Lord Marlow escorted his

"And what a hat! It looked like some

big butterfly just fluttered down," added

Lady Horncastle. "I suppose they're wear-

ing those kinds of hats in Paris, but they

"Lovely," said loyal little Aggie-"just

"That's it," added Lady Plymouth-

'theatrical. Our niece is theatrical!"

"And if there's anything amiss with

ample and Marlow's advice to set it right

added Lord Plymouth, benignly. In his

opinion nothing could resist the family in-

Plymouth, a large silver candlestick in her

offered Vere some barleywater.

smoke; I suppose I can have a cigarette here

and I'll just prowl around and suit my-

Marlow, please help me off with my coat.

reproved Vere. "Wait till you've

and you forbade me to use the word.

"Oh, well, the air, the figure, the family

she's very fair, and I'm almost dark."

Horncastle, desirous of sharing the con-

## New Department of Agriculture Building; Classic Structure to Be a Temple of Science

New Department of Agriculture to Be a Magnificent Edifice...Will Cost Two and a Half Millions to Begin With ... Will Be Ten Great Structures Connected by Pavilions... A Beehive of Laboratories of Model Construction

grown practically all of its executive de- is capable of creating. It will rise above a partments as well as the White House and | series of terraces studded with rare flowers In several years the stranger approach- Washington monument. Maryland and pausing on its northern heights to scan the housetops and tower-Potomac will view a stately white-domed the lazy river craft will be seen plying. This great white pile will rise just west of Young manhood and young womanhood- are under his laughing comedy. From the the somber Gothic towers of the great

of you and your | Ground for this great abode of science will of every American man, break in the coming July or August days, Washington one of the most pretentious | ing the proud Capitol. It will be approached over driveways, winding through all of the While the federal government had out- beauties which the landscape artist's skill

removal to Washington, the need for a be expended upon its beginning, but as new Department of Agriculture has for years go by there will be a series of addiseveral years been the sorest, because its | tions connected with the nucleus structure functions touch nearest to the every-day by open pavilions admitting of one great life of the people. The beautiful new tem- harmonious structure of indefinite size. The younger, than which none other is more ture only three of these will rise from the vital to the national welfare and progress, | great mall connecting the Capitol with the

First will be built simultaneously the two main wings, costing \$750,000 each. Their ing spires which stretch southward to the ing back 100 feet from the outer end of structure, with wide, classic wings and nades will connect the main wings with a The most complete and scientifically arranged laboratories to be found in the

world will occupy the entire five stories of

Avenue of Trees Leading to Department of Agriculture

utilized as the administration building, with their scientific staff, will have their sanctums. This central structure will by itself cost \$1,000,000. Each office will have outside light and outside air.

TO RAZE PRESENT BUILDING The new building will be just in the rear of the present department, which will be razed to the ground as soon as the administration portion of the former is completed. Thirteenth street, which bisects the old

The Agricultural Department has been so

where future secretaries of agriculture, office structure in the heart of the city. The

Northumberland's son now lie moldering. I the wings. The central structure will be badly outgrown that it has overflowed into

Finally Triumphs

LYMOUTH Castle was a historic | her aunt: "it is the essence of bad taste."

He handed her the note unopened. She | listen -- I shall only stay here to-day, and I | met Lady Horncastle, never averse to took it stiffly "Thanks; it's mine."

about to-night, and some one might have picked it up. Vere threw a glance at her cousin-a quick, suspicious look. "You picked it up!" she said.
"I couldn't help seeing the address-'Count Oscar'-and as I don't know any one

"It isn't a very safe kind of a post-box

you've chosen; there's a good deal of dew | cases.

of that name in these parts I should advise | night, near the glass case containing the you to redirect it, and I will then put it in | ruby the letter-box in the hall, which is drier and "I shall not send it now.

"Isn't that a pity, if it's important?" Lord Marlow seated himself near his cousin. Anyhow, I'm glad to have found who braved difficulties and dangers for her you alone here. We must make friends | sake! Midnight meetings appealed to her together." "I'm going to bed," said Vere sulkily,

stay a little and take pity on me. Up-to- prejudice made a fascinating background date young ladies don't often favor us! for love-making sub rosa. So she listened with their society. "You call me up to date?" inquired Vere sweetly. "Certainly. I would not insult you by calling you anything else. You've met quantities of men and women. You've seen | silence, and Vere shivered a little when,

does it strike you?' "Is this a cross-examination?" "I only want to know your point of view. Why is it that when you come to stay with people who are kind to you you make distance seemed full of strange mysterious private assignations with people they can't | presences. A flickering taper, which proved receive?"

"How dare you!" "I dare a great deal, because I want to be your friend." "My actions are nothing to you." "No, but my father's house is-my father's hospitality. I don't want to see it abused. I'm afraid it is my duty to tell my parents what I have seen.' cousin to the dining room a sigh escaped | as well inform you that I hate the word duty. We were put into this world to with the heirloom gems." Oscar looked enjoy. I'm young. I don't like tiresor

things-and people. Vere jumped up and went towards the window. Her cousin followed her, took her hand, and led her back to the sofa. "Don't open that window," he said. like you to take any harm. "You treat me like a little girl," pouted "You'll drive me to the very step you wish me to avoid." "What's that-an elopement?

"A monstrous fine girl; no nonesense about her!" put in Sir John's gruff voice. "Capital thing in women. I shall give her "They're quite out of date, sentimental a mount on Clinker. The girl's as straight and silly, and bring down disgrace and the fires of the ruby are wonderful." neglect of the world you love so well." niece we can trust to Lady Plymouth's ex-'Nonsense' "You do love the world's applause. You

> Vere stamped her foot. "Truth is very "It is, and that's why it's so wholesome don't like wholesome things-they're so insipid. I like things with snap in them.' "Like Oscar, eh?"

couldn't live without it, and that's the

"I shan't give up Oscar to please any "That's decisive, at any rate. "Yes." "Poor Vere! I like frankness, and you're Dying for a King-a great mistake!

"Smoke!" The others had gradually trooped out, and Lady Plymouth stayed very frank. I think you and I could get What is the ruby worth?" on together. Shall we try? Will you! alone with her niece. "My dear, you won't confide in me? And I'll promise not to be the diamonds round it.' "I shan't sleep if I don't. Never mind me, "That's a bargain." Vere laughed heart-"You must make yourself as agreea- keep it-Lady Plymouth had never been ordered ole as you can to me, and in return I shall by any one before. She paused a shock you." moment, and then said quietly, "Prayers

are at 9 and breakfast at half-past. When "No preaching, remember." "Not a word, and when you get into "Mother always breakfasts in bed-she mess you get yourself out." says the day isn't aired before twelve; and "I never shall get into a mess."

another candlestick, guarded by a giass ceiving them, and Marlow is my ally." shade, and announced her intention of carself; you have to pass the ballroom and go her hand to Marlow and said: "Good- vou. night, my ally," as she smiled back at him "The housekeeper, who has been with us a mocking adieu. twenty-five years. We keep our servants charge to her bedroom she returned to terious? Tell me about yourself.

make her nightly rounds and to put out all the lights. She found the drawing you. room empty. Lord Marlow had gone to the smoking room, and the housekeeper was extinguishing the last lamp when a | held her still in a firm grip. low whistle reached her ear. She started and listened. Then a man emerged from prepared for Vere, and looked into her face the window curtains. "Jack! It's not you!" "It's me, sure enough, mother. Hope I

didn't frighten you. I slipped into the and run, as her impulse was, before Marlow house by the small garden gate and appeared, fully dressed, and very grave. through the library window. You see, I still know my way about, and waited for man? What is he doing? Ah!" He had you here. I remembered you always went taken in the whole truth in a moment as "But Jack, what am I to do? The servants are all in bed and her ladyship-

"Need not know. Give me a shakedown any where. "You'll be very quiet?" "Mum as a mouse. Kiss me, there's good old mother! I'm your son, and you ought to be glad to see me. "So I am, dear. You've grown such a She looked at him admiringly. "Why haven't you been here all this time?

"I'll tell you all to-morrow, mother. I've

"No one staying here, Jack? You're no

come down here to see a young lady-

and you never wrote. Oh, Jack!"

up to your old tricks again?" "Silly old mother! of course not!" The housekeeper's tender heart warmed towards her scapegrace son, who had never stalked away. Vere touched her cousin on contributed much to her happiness or com fort, yet whom she had loved Jearly for away, his head bowed, his good looks and his fascination. He could get around her at any time with his wheed- from her. "You've disgraced us. Oh, how ling ways and caressing talk. The joy of | could you!" seeing him after years of absence com- added with cold politoness, as he replaced pletely made her forget her usual prudence. She promised to keep him for a day or two and he passed the following morning smok ing just outside the housekeeper's room in about in alone." the warm sunshine, and keeping out of

pecially when she discovered Count Oscar waiting for her round the corner of the conservatory. "Oscar," say said, "I dropped the note as you told me, and I thought I saw you pick | tions, she thought of nothing but Marlowit up, but who do you think it was? My cousin Marlow. He gave me a great talk- despises me," she thought. No one had pleasure? I often think women only do it ing to, but we're frieids again now.

Vere on her part found life tolerable, es-

"You must be very careful. "Where are you staying, Oscar? How did you find your way in here? You seem ! "Why should you?" answered Marlow andly. "And, by-the-bye, I fancy this beto know the place so well."

must see you alone this evening, when gossig every one has gone to bed. Meet me in the long corridor by the big glass specimen

"Where the famous ruby in miniature is?" "Exactly. "I know all the cases. Marlow showed me everything this morning. He is so proud of the pictures, the antiquities, the "Very well. Then you understand, at mid-

"Leave that to me. And now go: mustn't be seen talking together.' All day Vere went about with a light sense of adventure, and were spiced with the thought of the conventional atmosphere "You haven't finished your cigarette. No, surrounding her. Propriety, rigidity and to her aunt's quiet talk with amiability drove out with her in the afternoon, firted prettily with Marlow, and retired to rest obediently when the clock struck ten. the world. What do you think of it? How seizing her candle, she stepped into the gloomy silence of the corridor. Violent draughts threatened to extinguish the light, ancient boards cracked and creaked even under her light footsteps, and the murky to be Oscar's met her as she approached the trysting-spot. Simultaneously they put down their candles and joined hands.

"It was brave of you to come," he said. "There was no other way; but somehow it seems wrong. "It is not wrong if we love each other. You trust me, don't you?"

"Perfectly." Vere slipped a little closer

"And so this is the wonderful gallery "I wonder they don't sell them. hear the family is not well off.' "They have curious ideas. Marlow was telling me they won't on any account sell their land or their family pictures. course, they would be better off if they night air is treacherous, and I would not | did; but my aunt thinks one should keep the things one has inherited as a kind of sacred | place for you, in my opinion. trust for the family." "This is the famous ruby, isn't it?" said

Oscar, stooping over the case. "Yes; one can scarcely see it in this bad tight. Oh, how glorious this place would be lighted by electricity! I believe the

"Would you like to hold it in your hand?" "Yes, but we can't open the case." "We can-there-see," and with a quick wrench of some sharp instrument Oscar prised the case open and lifted the lid. "Oh, Oscar! what will they say? Oh, how could you do it?" "Neat, wasn't it?" he said gaily, as he took the miniature and handed it to her. "They will think burgiars have been here." He laughed.

"It is very beautiful," said Vere, examining it, "and the miniature is a picture of one of the Plymouths who fell fighting for Charles I-"I don't know; it's matchless, and so are

"Wasted here in a glass case, from which it may be stolen any day. I've a mind to "Why not?"-she looked alarmed-"I'd

gold chain, my beauty. How splendid you would look!" "Oh, put it back, Oscar-you frighten me! I wish you had never come. These people At thta moment Lockebie entered with are so kind they make me ashamed of de-"Marlow!" said Oscar savagely-"I hate rying off Miss Chester. Miss Chester, for a him. He has everything, I have nothing"wonder, made no objection. She held out then seizing her hands he added-"except

"Oscar, don't be so violent!" She tried to draw away her hands. "I thought you When Lockebie had safely conveyed her said you were rich. Why are you so mys-"I've nothing to say except that I love "Hush! What's that?" Vere started, "I'm

sure I heard a noise. Do let me go!" He "My beautiful Vere-one kiss." "Give me the miniature. Let us put it back quick-there is some one-"

He loosed her, but her candle stood some way off. She had not time to snatch it up "Vere! You here! Who is this gentlehis eyes fell on the empty case. "Thief! You've stolen the ruby!" He sprang at Oscar's throat. Vere flung herself upon him. Marlow, it is I-I stole it!" Marlow fell back. "You!"

"Yes, I gave it to him. This is Oscar. We are going to be married." 'Vere-my cousin"-Marlow's voice sound ed broken, "you, a guest in this house, and one of the old race! "Take back your wretched toy!" Oscar, who had regained his composure, throwing the miniature on the table. "Miss Chester made a mistake, that's all. I wish you both good-night. This was evidently a trap, and you will answer to me for the insult to-morrow, Lord Marlow. Then, haughtily taking up his candle, he the shoulder gently. His face was turned

"Dou't touch me!" he said, shrinking Ther, raising himself. the jewel in the case, and shut the lid: "Marlow, I assure you-" began Vere. "Don't, don't speak to me to-night. Say

nothing, silence is best;" and in silence he escorted her to her door, bowed, and left

of dwelling on Oscar's love and his perfec- girl's eyes. his grave, sad face, his broken voice, "He ever despised Vere before. She could not bear it-she hated herself. Next morning when she hurried late and unnerved into the breakfast room, Marlow was absent. No one mentioned his name, "Oh. I've made friends with the old and Vere dared not ask. Presently, wan-housekeper," said Oscar carelessly. "But dering disconsolately on the terrace, she and Vere dared not ask. Presently, wan-

"Where are they all?" asked Vere "My dear, there's something up, I'm Lady Plymouth went to the housekeeper's room, and Lord Plymouth and

were summoned to join her.' "What could be up?" "Oh, some servant's peccadillo. Lady Plymouth is very strict.' Vere winced. Hers was a "peccadillo."

Marlow, just back from his early ride,

Lady Horncastle rambled on, and made faunty remarks and asked trivial questions, but Vere scarcely listened. What did Marlow think of her? that was the question her. She was almost glad when Lady Plymouth, rising, beckoned her into her boudoir. She sat down on a crinkly chintzcovered chair and waited. She looked at the pink table cover, the little bows on the cushion, the broad pink ribbons from hung suspended. A scent of hothouse flowpink, with a flavor of old-world prettiness about it. It recalled powder and matches, compliments and snuffboxes. "Unreal," commented Vere to herself, "pretty and

characteristic of the woman that where Plymouth only said surprised. She never exaggerated-"I have been surprised to hear that you had an assignation with a young man in the great gallery last night. "I am going to marry him," interposed

Vere quickly. later. Meanwhile, you have been very imprudent and foolish, and for a lady to be imprudent and foolish is a mistake that almost amounts to a crime.'

"Aunt Mildred!" "What do you know of this man?" "I met him at Mrs. Bucklebury's." "Mrs. Bucklebury, I understand, receives very mixed company. She keeps a kind of social menagerie, where you may meet duchesses, actors, and any notorious person who happens to attract public attention for the moment. That is not a fit

"It is a very pleasant house." "Perhaps; but you make bad acquaintances there.' "Excuse me, aunt, I am the best judge of that." "My dear child, we women of good

family have got to set an example to commoner people. What kind of an example have you set?" "I don't profess to set examples." "You can't help it. Position gives re-"I deny responsibility. Life was given us

to enjoy. It is every man for himself in why should they trouble about me?" Lady Plymouth lifted her clear eyes to Vere's face. Those eyes, kind, quiet, searching, seemed to look right through her. Vere felt herself blushing inwardly, and, as a natural consequence, steeled herself against her aunt's influence.

for all this. When people stoop to deception there is always something wrong. To lie is the tribute paid by vice to virtue." "Aunt! I will tell you. He is the scapegrace son

of my old housekeeper. Well educated. good mannered, he has always lived by his like to hang it round your neck by a thin wits. He meant to make you his dupe. What do you say now?" "He loved me." "I doubt it. His poor mother confessed to me what he had told her. He is the head of a gang of gentlemanly burglars.

He meant to steal that ruby and put the blame on you-Vere gave a great cry. "Oh, aunt! If this is true I wish I were dead!" "Don't be dramatic, my dear, that won't help you. Overcome your emotions, and let us look facts in the face. You have fallen in the mire, but you must raise yourself again." "Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do! sobbed Vere "Think, and be still. In silence strength

"I can't think."

must.

"Leave all to me." "What did Marlow say?" The words escaped Vere in spite of herself. "What can he say? He is very sorry." "Has Oscar gone?" "Yes, he took the early train. We do not intend to prosecute, for his mother's sake. She has behaved like a heroine. Ah, Vere, she is to be pitied!"

"He is gone-" Vere wiped her eyes. "Don't cry any more," said her aunt "red eyes are so unbecoming, and we should always try to look our best, for the sake of "Aunt Mildred," broke out Vere, "are

one does not give way to one's feelings. I viously its head had been known as the should like you to learn this. It seems to commissioner of agriculture, the first to me that the ladies of to-day emulate their less well-bred sisters. Those strong, undisciplined emotions, that loud crying out, do not show refinement. Don't think me unkind-I feel for you very deeply, but you must learn the traditions of our race; to suffer and be still, to smile when you are

"It is very difficult," sighed Vere, "Not so difficult as you think. Come, compose yourself, you have had your lesson." The world was startled some months later by the announcement of Lord Marlow's engagement to his cousin Vere. Mrs. Chester wrote a grateful letter to her brother. "You "Let me see you to your room; these dark | see, I was quite right," she said, "Your ad- | the new edifice is completed. The other corridors are no place for you to wander | mirable domestic ways did bring my daugh- | scientific bureaus deal with our animal in-

ter to reason. Lord Plymouth made a little face, "Catherine is improving," he said quietly, Vere walked in the garden among the tall chrysanthemums, that looked like stately aristocrats in rags. Marlow walked beside her, and a happy light shone in the lems, plant industries, soils and the public

"I am glad," she said, "that I am a department maintains an experimental farm daughter of our race. I will try to be where tests are made of crops, fruits and worthy of it.' Marlow laughed a low, genial laugh, "So am I. dear little town mouse that has space of 160,000 square feet. Of the 138,000 learned to love the country-' "And her cousin Marlow."

"And her cousin Marlow." Then he kissed her, but not like a cousin. [Copyright, 1904]

eight other buildings, including one large \$27,900, paid for buildings in Washington alone. Outside of the city \$50,000 is paid for

Forty-three years ago the agricultural division of the Department of the Interior, which was the immediate predecessor of the present department, employed, in all, nine persons. To-day there are 4,200 men and women on the payroll of the Department of but even this great su enormous economic institution annually saves the farmer, the grower, the and the dealer in produce, as well as the consumer of foodstuffs and farm products

Just under the dome of the new building will be a perfectly-appointed library of 80,000 books and pamphlets, many of them found in few if any other libraries of this The new laboratories in the great wings

will have all modern equipment for biological, chemical and physical work. Indeed these buildings will be veritable beehives, humming with scientific activity. A separate power plant in the grounds will supply each with compressed air, electricity, steam, hot and cold water. The rooms will all be perfectly fireproof, and there will be no danger of confiagration from chemica explosions or kindred casualties.

There will be a "food laboratory," wherin will be analyzed and studied the various trade concoctions which we put in our stomachs. Here will be studied the effects upon our digestive systems of food preservthe various fermented beverages now on the market, of liquors containing fusel oil and other poisons, of all sorts of adulterated foods, of soft drinks, fruit syrups, imi-

tation olive oils, etc. A laboratory will be devoted to the analyses of drinking waters; another to such problems as the poisons in wall papers, furs and other articles in the household still another to poisons used in fighting insect pests. There will be a "sugar labo ratory," where experiments will be made with such sugar producers as beets, sugar cane and muskmelons, and a "dairy laboratory," where such frauds as adulterated butter and milk will be detected.

In one laboratory all samples submitted to different government offices, with bids for contracts, will be tested, as, for instance, samples of cloth for army and navy uniforms, or of inks for our various postoffices. There will be a "road-ma laboratory," where the hardness and toughness of rock and of other road-making materials will be tested by ingenious apparatus. In this workshop will be carried on new tests with burnt clays, proposed for use in hardening roads in districts where no other materials are available. Another problem which will fall to this new laboratory will be that of mixing petroleum with asphaltum as a binder surface for country

roads and of thus giving any rural district asphalt thoroughfares. A BIG MEDICINE SHOP. There will be a "soil laboratory," where the relation of the farmer's yield to the chemical characteristics of his soil will be studied, and a "biochemic laboratory." where all sorts of medicines for our doready in the makeshift medicine shop maindoses of vaccine, used in combating the dread "blackleg;" over 7,000 doses of "malein," for treating glanders, and thousands of doses of specifics for other brute ailments are being put up for distribution. A "zoological laboratory" will study the series of animal parasites which infest man and beast, and which are often transmitted by the one to the other. A "pathological laboratory" will be fitted with modern apparatus for diagnosing the various microbes and other organisms which breed diseases her aunt's influence. among plants. In a "plant-breeding labora"Vere. I fear you will be sorry, very sorry, tory" will be established a veritable matrimonial bureau for vegetable life; one where plants will be forced to wed against their instincts and natures, and where vegetable races will be crossed and hybridized to produce new races combining the virtues of both parent stocks. In another workship experiments aimed at the purification of our water supplies will be carried on. In "seed-testing laboratory" seed samples will be tested before purchases of their kind are bought for the annual congressional distribution. They will be planted, dug up at

> The editorial sanctum of one of the largest and busiest publication enterprises in the world will occupy space in the new building. The Department of Agriculture is annually issuing nearly one thousand different publications-about three titles daily -and last year nearly twelve million copies of its works reached the people. In spite of this generous circulation it is constantly refusing requests for its works owing to exhaustion of its editions. Furthermor only a comparatively limited number of the seven million farms in the country are as yet reached by all of these publication If each farmhouse were to receive one copy of each different publication issued each year seven billion copies would have to be provided for by congressional appropria-

various stages of germination and subjected

to careful examinations, revealing their vir-

tues or deficiencies. This will be a busy

workshop. Uncle Sam is annually present-

ing his congressmen with more than 39,000,-

000 packages of seeds for free distribution

among the people.

DEPARTMENT'S FOUNDER. What is now the Department of Agriculture remained a bureau of the Interior Department from the opening of the civil you always cold and quiet and sensible like war until 1889, when Congress provided for the first secretary of agriculture. Prefarmer born in Burlington county, New Jersey. The plan for the organization of a federal Department of Agriculture was his hurt, and do right things because you tion of Presidents William Henry Harrison, Taylor, Fillmore, Buchanan and Lincoln, successively, before carrying his point. Lincoln, his personal friend, saw the merits of the scheme. Mr. Newton held the commissionership until his death.

The department now consists of fifteen bureaus and divisions. The national Weath. er Bureau is the only one of these which will remain in a separate building after dustries, the chemistry of food, soils, fertilizers, etc., with foreign markets for our produce, with the relations of the various state experiment stations to the federal government, with insects, with the distribution of animals and plants, with forest probroads. Across the river, at Arlington, the

The new building will provide a floo square feet occupied in the present quarters considerably more than half is provided by the rented buildings JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS

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